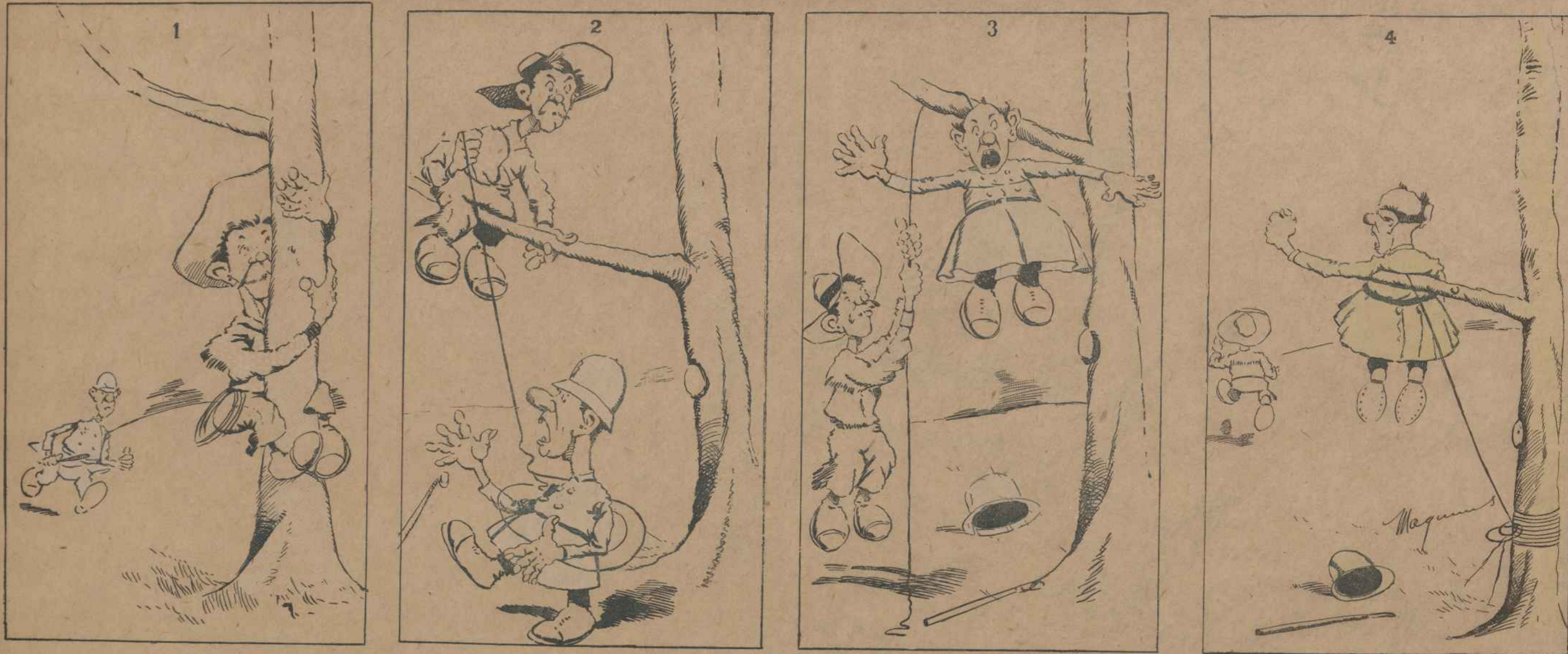


# HOW LARIAT LUKE ESCAPED FROM THE COP.



SHOULD HAVE TESTED HIS FIST.

HAD THEM WORSE THAN LAOCOON.



1. Here you are! The greatest lung tester in the world! Say, Shorty, just have a trial. It won't take you a minute.

2. BEAUTY BILLY, THE SLUGGER: "Why, cert!"



CHOLLY (who is inebriated)—Shay, ole fellow, I know jus' how you feel. Had 'em myself lots of times, worse than that.

## How it Happened.

"I must say, Helen," began her mother sternly, "that you have shocked me beyond measure."

"Why, mamma?"

"To think," continued the angry parent, "that after all the pains I spent on your education you should show such an utter lack of self-respect!"

"Good gracious! What?"

"Silence! Don't interrupt! I say that you have astonished me. Unless I had seen it myself I should never have believed that a child of mine could so forget herself."

"For goodness sake, mamma," exclaimed the girl, her fair face the embodiment of wonder, "what do you mean by all these dreadful accusations?"

"You know what I mean well enough."

"But I assure you I do not."

"Don't prevaricate. I tell you I was passing the door at the time and saw it with my own eyes."

"Saw what?"

"You aggravating girl! Saw that young Freshley kissing you and you never saying a word."

"How could I if he was kissing me?"

"Don't be flippant. Then you admit that he was kissing you?"

"I certainly do not. With all due respect to you, mamma, I must absolutely deny it."

"What! Am I to doubt the evidence of my own senses?"

"In this case they have deceived you."

"Then," said the mother, with withering sarcasm, "if he was not kissing you, what was the young man doing with his face pressed close to yours?"

"Well, mamma, dear," replied the innocent girl ingenuously, "if you'll be reasonable I'll tell you how it happened. The fact was that a horrid mosquito had just bitten me on the lip, and—and Mr. Freshley had generously volunteered to such the poison from the wound."

## Father to the Man.

"Be'll be a wheelman when he grows up," chuckled Mr. Sprockets, as he dandled his five-months-old child.

"How do you know?" asked Mrs. Sprockets. "Just listen to his bawl-bearing mouth."

## THE TRIUMPH OF TIRED TATTERS; Or, SAVED BY A GATAPAUT.



## Their Professional Status.

The new opera had been a most overwhelming success, and the receipts at the box office each night were tremendous. It was the first production of the author and the composer.

After the piece had been running several months and there seemed no abatement of the popular demand for it, it was decided that a grand midnight dinner should be held after the performance, at which the management, the cast, and all who had participated in the production of this glorious success must be present.

It was undoubtedly a gorgeous affair.

Opposite the restaurant, in Madison Square Park, a shabby, genteel man sat on a bench and gazed listlessly at the bright windows of the upper room where the merrymaking was going on. He had sat there for some little time when he suddenly heard his name spoken. Looking around, he said:

"Hello, Jim!"

"Hello, Jack. Say, old man, can you stake me half a dollar? I want to get a supper and bed some place to-night, and I haven't a—"

"Sorry, old man; I'm dead broke myself. Wont," pointing to the restaurant, "the boss up there?"

"No go, Jack. He told me to go to the devil last time I asked him. He said we had both got our fifteen dollars apiece for our work, and—"

Just then a policeman came along and chased them out of the park.

They were the author and the composer of the new opera.

## Ever a Mystery.

That a woman is queer may be readily seen.  
For she has a wonderful way  
It kills her to run a sewing machine,  
But she'll ride a bike all day

## A Nuisance.

TOMMY—Pop, what's a pedestrian?  
CUMSO—Oh, he's one of those chaps who's always kicking against the bicyclists.